SPRING
1952

LOMOND
MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
JOURNAL

In Lieu of

Editorial

This Journal is a record of some momentous days and some momentous thoughts, achieved, suffered or undertaken by certain of our members and their associates. It covers the period from about mid 1950 to 1951 so that in the normal course of events it would have been published during 1951. Owing to unavoidable delays however it is only now going to press in Autumn 1952. It is hoped that the next Journal covering the period mid 1951 to 1952 will follow very soon so as to bring our records up to date.

The cover with its promise of steep reliable rock bathed in spring sunshine will it is hoped offset the chilling influence of the autumnal gales by offering better things to come. The articles are here set out in order:-

Now read on:-

WITH THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

.....by Joe Hutton

Last summer, from July 18th to August 6th, the 44th annual camp of the Alpine Club of Canada was held in the Freshfield group of mountains in Banff National Park, and I attended the last two weeks.

When I drove into the base camp, situated about quarter of a mile off the Banff to Jasper highway near the junction of the Howse, Mistaya and North Saskatchewan Rivers, the weather was most depressing. Although now the latter part of July, it was very cold and the surrounding mountains could not be seen for a fine misty rain, reminiscent of Glencoe at its best - or worst!

On the following morning, after a real camp breakfast of hotcakes and syrup, bacon and eggs, to which we were summoned by loud beating on a frying-pan in time-honoured fashion, a party of five of us set off on the 21-mile trail through the tall timber to the main camp. Most of our gear was left for the pack-horses to bring in, and we carried only food and spare clothing.

We crossed the Mistaya by means of a couple of large logs which had been felled across the river. As the water thundered past a foot or so beneath my feet, carrying fairly large boulders with its force, I was comforted by the feel of the handrail which had thoughtfully been added. Blaze marks on the trees led us to a well-marked trail along the east bank of the Howse River, and this was followed for a considerable way until the Freshfield Brook was reached and a way found over the wide expanse of gravel flats through which it wandered. The trail was sometimes well-defined underfoot, but at other times was followed only by the blaze marks on trees.

We found the main camp on the edge of timber separating the flats we had crossed from the tongue of the Freshfield Glacier, which was reached by an hour's walk through the wood. The camp was a fairly large affair, with bell-tents for sleeping, marquees for eating, and an assortment of cottage type tents for drying and other purposes. All the poles and tent frameworks were of rough logs cut from the site, as was all the necessary furniture. Four persons slept in a bell-tent, and brought to my mind the four-in-a-bivouac-tent weekends in the Scottish mountains! Breakfast was at 7 a.m. and lunches were made ready for those who were setting out on a climb from main camp or going up the glacier to high camp. Notice of climbs was posted on the previous day and persons wishing to participate in any particular climb, wrote down their names. Most climbs were graded as to difficulty and numbers were limited on each.

On the day following my arrival, I went for an exploratory walk up the glacier to the high camp, although it was a very wet morning. The main tongue of the glacier was an easy walk at an easy angle, and all crevasses were apparent as the snow had gone from the lower part. Leaving the glacier, a steep rock cliff about 500 feet high had to be climbed in order to reach the high camp, perched on beautiful alpine meadows on the slopes/

slopes of Mt. Niverville (9,720 feet). Unfortunately, there were no views to be had that day, as the grey blanket of mist and rain still enshrouded us.

When I arrived back at main camp that night, my ankles were very painful and, on inspection, I found them to be raw and bleeding. This was caused by my borrowed climbing boots being a couple of sizes too large for me, and I was to be plagued with this trouble, although I wore three pairs of socks from then on. Subsequently, with the unwelcome aid of the weather, I was confined to the camp for the ensuing part of the week, taking part in only minor excursions.

However, on my second week, the last of camp, the weather improved, and I was more active, climbing Mt. David (8,986 feet) and making two ascents of Mt. Niverville, leading a rope on the second. On another occasion, Dave Wessel and I made the first ascent of a minor peak, called Petri, which presented no real difficulty, but the finest day I had was perhaps when I went out with Len Chatwin to take some scenes for a film he was making for the National Film Board of Canada. We left camp at 8 a.m. one morning and did not return until 1 a.m. the following day. The shots he took were in wonderful ice scenery of the seracs of the ice-fall high on the slopes of Mt. Pilkington (9,830 feet) and included a rescue from a crevasse in which I took the prominent part. This thrilling action and superb dramatic portrayal on my part might yet be seen by Lomonds in a picture called "Cliff-hangers" which has already been seen by a large Canadian public!

My only disappointment was that I was not chosen for the only two parties who climbed Mt. Freshfield (10,945 feet), the beautiful pyramid which dominates the head of the glacier. First ascents made by other climbing parties were Mt. Helmer (10,045 feet) and Mt. Whiteaves (10,300 feet) and I suspect there would have been others, had we been blessed with better weather conditions.

Although I have no outstanding climbs to record, I had a grand time at the camp, and I made many friends and met many well-known climbers, both Canadian and American. When I left the base camp for the last time, it was in good climbing company, bound for yet another part of the vastness of the Canadian Rockies.

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In this short span
Between my finger tips and the smooth edge,
And these tense feet cramped to a crystal ledge,
I hold the life of man.

Consciously I embrace,
Arched from the mountain rock on which I stand
To the firm limit of my lifted hand,
The front of time and space:

For what is there in all the world for me
But what I know and see?
And what remains of all I see and know
If I let go?.....

THE GREPON

..... by W. Forrest.

No-one quite knows how this tent came by its name, but it has stuck and is almost as well known as the Club itself. It was purchased (this is a fact) four years ago, on a partnership basis, and it was a coincidence that, after paying our shares to 'Huggie', we were refreshed by that gentleman, and the tent was ours for nothing!

The tent's first weekend was in the Campsies during the ski-ing season and all the part-owners were out to stake their claim to a panel but, after ski-ing all day Saturday, there was no energy left to erect the tent, and it finished up on the ground with four bodies lying on it and the skis making a wind-break. In the morning it took an hour to thaw the boots!

The tent was originally made to accommodate four people, but as there were six partners, it usually had to sleep eight. Work that out. The record attendance in the Grepon was 21, one Saturday night at Lawers. Needless to say, they did not all sleep in it.

Through time the tent began to show signs of the hard treatment it had received, but luckily it was discovered that another member of the Club had a tent exactly similar. Negotiations proceeded, and another partner, complete with fly-sheet, was incorporated in the crowd.

Tho extra poles gained through this merger were soon lost from the panniers of a motor-cycle by a careless member, and portions of poles and pegs went amissing quite regularly. However, with a standing order with a joiner, we managed quite well. The walls from the original tent were made up into patches and, in one week alone, two of the crowd assigned to the job put at least fifteen patches on the fly-sheet and twelve on the tent. The fly-sheet is now more like Jacob's coat than Jacob's coat, and the fabric of the tent cannot now be asked to stand up to another winter's gales and snowstorms.

If any member has a tent which he thinks could stand up to the abuse given this tent for years and be in a condition still to be used, we would be pleased to purchase it and put the Grepon into honourable retirement before the shareholders.

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And I made another discovery, which is this: almost all difficulties can be overcome. Mere cold is a friend, not an enemy; the weather always gets better if you wait long enough; distance is merely relative; man can exist for a long time on very little food; the human body is capable of bearing immense privation; miracles still happen; it is the state of mind that is important.

F. Spencer Chapman
in "Helvellyn to Himalaya".

FIRST AND LAST

..... by Alf Slack

Summer of 1933 - what a long time ago it seems! At that time I was living in London and, strange as it seems now, I had never even heard of a "Munro", far less climbed one.

On the 14th July, with a friend, I travelled north by train and bicycle over Carter Bar to Edinburgh and on over the Forth to the Devil's Elbow and Ballater - my first glimpse of the heather-clad slopes of the Cairngorms.

From photographs taken on that holiday, I am reminded of the first time I compressed three days "board and lodging" into a rucksack. This was a novelty to me in those days, for nowhere in England had I been able to wander far from pub or post-office for three whole days. Further notes show that we went to the Shelter Stone at Loch Avon by way of the Derry Burn, thence up Glen Derry to Coire Etchechan.

On my first night in the Shelter Stone there were six of us, and it was quite a squash! In the morning there were ructions when we discovered that the four "old hands" had had plenty of room!

The morning after we arrived, my friend and I climbed out of the semi-circle of precipices in which Loch Avon is set, by a route which we thought could best be described as the least difficult. Having climbed out of the Loch Avon trough, the going was fairly easy over gravel and boulders.

The cry of ptarmigan, uncommon to southern ears, made us increasingly aware of the remoteness of our situation. Soon afterwards we looked down on Coire Etchechan and came upon our first sight of real snow in July.

We scrambled up Ben Macdhui - my first ascent of a Munro. From the top we had some glorious views as the mist cleared first in one direction, then in another. To the north, Speyside stretched below us, with the Moray Firth and Caithness visible to the eye, although the camera recorded little beyond the Lairig Ghru.

I cannot quite recall when the idea of climbing all the Munros first occurred to me, but it must have been about 1942, during which year - through lack of money - I had ample time to wander to remote parts. Gradually my "bag" increased - 114 in November 1945, 150 in November 1947, 215 in April 1949, 238 in April 1950. This last total made it possible to complete all 277 before 1951 and, by intensifying my efforts during the summer of 1950, I had completed 275 by 10th November, the two remaining Munros being Sgur na Sgine and the Saddle, conveniently adjacent to each other on the south side of Glen Shiel.

As daylight began to fade on Friday, 10th November, a wee green van sped northwards with six occupants, each intent on helping me complete the task I had started on that other journey seventeen years before.

The /

First and Last (cont.)

The journey was marred by heavy showers of rain and snow, but soon after midnight we were settled down in the attic of an empty cottage.

Next morning we were still tired, but gleaming white hills and blue skies drove the sleep from our eyes and, by 9 o'clock, five of us stepped on to the heather and faced the intimidating sweep of Faochag's northern ridge. Laboriously we ascended, but at a good pace. Mists kept forming and clearing on the Saddle and on the Five Sisters of Kintail.

The snowdrifts started at about 2,000 feet and rapidly increased in depth until we were up to our waists. Like the Duke of Plaza-Toro, I brought up the rear, and was very grateful for the steps kicked out by those in the lead. I was exhilirated by the new snow, though perhaps part of this feeling was due to the sight of the steps ahead snaking their steepening way up the narrow corniced ridge.

The mists swirled round us as we mounted the final slopes to Sgur na Sgine to find the summit cold and windy. A few short glissades took us to the col below the Saddle. Here we paused for refreshment and then, about 12.30 p.m., I found myself breasting the slopes of my last Munro.

We assembled on the ridge about 100 feet below the summit, and I took up the position of honour in front, scrambling up the virgin snow until at length I reached the top of my 277th and final Munro. In reply to the query "Does it feel any different from the other 276", I could not honestly answer "Yes" because I was feeling tired and the process of climbing a hill in mist is much the same anywhere.

On this momentous occasion we spent little time on the summit, as a searching wind discouraged lingering and the mist enveloped us on all sides. We toasted Sir Hugh Munro in "Mummery's Blood" and ceremoniously sprinkled a few drops on the snow-covered cairn before descending as quickly as we could.

I do not regret there are no more Munros to be climbed. Some of them I hope to revisit many times, and perhaps I shall be able to study the character of the hills, rather than their summits.

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And now, why do we go climbing?..... Most of you must sometimes have felt an urge to get away for a little while from all the noise and bustle of modern civilization, to escape into wild country quite away from other people, where you are your own master and where everything that you do depends on yourself and yourself alone. It is the same feeling that makes desert islands sound so attractive. We cannot all go to desert islands - but we can do the next best thing and go to the mountains.

C.F. Kirkus
in "Let's Go Climbing".

CHAMONIX, 1950.

Johnny Harvey writes us regarding the trip he organised to Chamonix last July :-

"Profitting from our experience in 1949 when we travelled all the way by bus and had only five days in Chamonix itself, we left the bus at Newhaven and continued by train from Dieppe, thus giving anyone who wished to spend all of their time among the hills a maximum of twelve days.

We arrived at Chamonix about 8 p.m. on Sunday, and were met at the station by some Club members who had travelled independently. They took us to Camp 4, about ten minutes walk from the town. Incidentally, Camp 4 is an "official" camp site and can take hundreds of tents scattered through the woods all along the foot of the hills just outside Chamonix, in some places with just room for one or two tents and, in others, glades accommodating at most a dozen. Behind the Camp rises two thousand feet of timber.

There were campers from many countries all around us, and we made some good friends. I particularly enjoyed the sing-songs round the camp fires. Of course, every day there were parties going to and coming from the mountains. Mont Blanc was climbed, many huts visited, glacier and rock climbing indulged in and ..... but these are all subjects for individual articles from members, so I'll leave it to them, just remarking, in closing, that many successful meets were held at the lido, where "Bikinis" were much in evidence.

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CHAMONIX REVISITED

..... by J. Haining.

In July 1950 I was a member of a party which visited the Couvercle Hut and climbed on the Moine. The route to the Couvercle lies, for about four miles from the terminus of the Montenvert Railway at 6,000 feet, over the Mer de Glace, thence across a trackless moraine (quite the worst part of the journey) and finishes with a climb of about 1,000 feet, supplied with iron ladders and hand-rails.

The Hut stands at 8,350 feet, and at present an extension is being built. All the timber, cement, and so on - in fact everything except the local stone and gravel, has to be carried by porters from Montenvert. This is in addition to the normal provisioning of the hut, and if anyone fancies the job, the rate is 50 frances (about 1/-) per kilo (about 2¼ lbs) The porters do two journeys per day when conditions are suitable. The Hut is well organised, but even hot water is expensive, and I think it is worth while being one's own porter and taking a stove.

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Chamonix Revisited (cont.)

The climbing on the Moine is all rock, except for a small glacier at the approach. The guide book (unfortunately in French!) gives routes of all standards. The rock face directly above the Couvercle faces south, making climbing all the more delightful. The scenery, too, is superb, the hut being within an almost complete circle of peaks and glaciers.

Another excursion was to the Torino Hut on the Col du Geant. The way is again by the Mer de Glace, then by the Glacier du Tacul, which is all fairly straight-forward until the foot of the Geant Seracs. This presents quite a problem, but I had read that, by keeping close to the rocks of the Noire on the left, a fairly easy passage could be found. Unfortunately, my source of information was completely out of date, as routes on the glaciers change, even from year to year. We learned later that the present route is by the right via the Requin Hut.

However, we set off according to the book. The going was slow as we threaded our way through ice pinnacles, with much traversing for very little forward movement, and at times when no other way could be found, we had to make short descents into crevasses in order to get across. From the foot of the ice-fall to the Glacier du Geant above took us about seven hours, ice cutting much of the way, and after the traverse of the Glacier du Geant and the climb to the Col du Geant, we were very relieved to see, in the fading light, the roof of the Hut just over the Col, thirteen hours after we had left Montenvert.

In the morning, after paying our bill (which, incidentally, we found to be very expensive) we were only too glad to have the company of a guide who had come from the Requin Hut that morning and was returning to Chamonix alone. By the correct route we reached the Requin in less than two hours, and later a further two hours took us to Montenvert. Before leaving the Torino Hut, we were interested to see large parties arriving by the teleferique from the Italian side, all equipped with skis.

The lesson we learned from this excursion was not to depend too much on books, but to get in amongst the hills and gather as much information as possible with regard to routes and conditions, particularly on snow and glaciers, from the people on the spot.

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.....And that, when all is said and done, is the very essence of mountaineering. That it is, by materialistic standards, useless. That its end is neither money nor power nor fame nor knowledge nor even victory. That it is one of those rare and precious human activities that men perform for their own sake, and for that alone.

.....Mountaineering is more than a matter of individual climbers, individual expeditions, individual peaks. It is a way of acting, thinking and living. It is the fraternity of men who seek high adventure in high places.

James Ramsay Ullman.

THE ROOF OF EUROPE

.....by J. ("Ginger") Brown.

As we sat outside a cafe in Chamonix discussing Mont Blanc, we were continually interrupted by loud peals of thunder. The weather certainly seemed bad, but as the first drops of rain fell from a very black night sky, we hurried along to the sports emporium, where a smiling Frenchman assured us that good weather was in store for the next day. Although we were still somewhat dubious, we arranged to hire crampons and to call for them next morning.

When morning came, mist hung over the great peak, and rain was still in the air. We collected the crampons at 8 o'clock and although I felt it was useless to make an attempt under these conditions, the holiday was drawing to a close and it seemed to be "now or never".

The first part of the journey was made by mountain railway to the pleasant little town of Les Houches, from there a brief flip in a teleferique, then a short but nerve-racking run in the most antiquated train I'll ever have the misfortune to see.

We left the train at a point where the line was covered with weeds and avalanched stones and started up after a party of elderly French climbers who appeared to know the way. The path was rather rugged, and as we climbed upwards an ominous rumble drew our attention to a snow avalanche high up on a neighbouring slope. It was quite a spectacle - nature's own atom bomb - but none too cheering in the sultry atmosphere.

Owing to a little delay, we lost sight of the party ahead, but with minute care managed to keep to the track until it broadened again and began to zig-zag up an ever-steepening ridge. Finally, we reached what looked like one of the Lomond's ski-runs and there we found everyone putting on crampons. I cowered behind a rock to shelter from the newly-risen wind and sleet, and with numbed fingers, fixed the crampons. While doing so I thought, with disgust, of the grinning shop-keeper down in Chamonix.

But now there was nothing else to do but press on, into the mist, and I traversed as rapidly as possible on the hard snow. After only 200 feet I heard a shout - it was the Tete Rousse hut already, after all the trouble to get the crampons on!

It was still afternoon but, although time permitted us to climb to the higher refuge of Aiguille du Goute, the weather did not.

We left the hut at 5 o'clock next morning, and a wonderful morning it was, a sea of fleecy white clouds stretching like a carpet with ice-covered peaks jutting through. The prospects were indeed much brighter.

The first obstacle of the day was a stone shoot which had to be negotiated quickly one at a time. Before us lay a ridge, reminiscent to me of our own "Curved Ridge", but, with loose frozen rock for a foothold, it /

it wasn't so easy, especially carrying pack and ice-axe.

When we eventually reached Aiguille de Goute, it was almost 7 a.m., and parties were emerging from the hut and making towards the summit after two days' confinement.

We roped up and put on crampons. Progress was good, but the first pangs of the altitude were beginning to tell on us.

Fresh snow was now making things difficult and I felt very tired, but at last we surmounted the Dome du Goute and the summit was in sight. As we braced ourselves against the high wind, we noticed that the climbers ahead were so distant they resembled penguins toiling up a snowfield.

After much gasping for breath, we trekked down a long slope and up a still longer one, on which we would have required to use ice-axes had we not worn crampons, and the Vallothut was reached.

The summit ridge was very steep and, as we reached the knife-edge ridge which stretches for about 500 feet to the top, my heart was beating like a sledge-hammer. The wind had reached gale force and was blowing sharp ice into our faces. We found it necessary to proceed with a crawling movement on the leeward side, but with more heavy breathing and a long stagger upwards, the Roof of Europe was ours.

The view was magnificent. You can imagine it for yourselves - the Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, the Bernese Oberland - all looking perfectly beautiful. It was now after 11 o'clock and the cold wind forced us to leave the summit without any waste of time.

The descent was quite pleasant back down to the Vallothut for our gear, then down the Grands Mulets and across the rather arduous Bossons Glacier with its creaking seracs and crevasses which caused many a detour. The sun by this time was becoming very warm and ice was softening as we skirted round the base of the Aiguille du Midi.

After removing the crampons and rope we climbed aboard what seemed to us then the world's greatest invention - the teleferique - and soon, in the cool of the evening, we were sitting outside a little restaurant, enjoying the cure for mountain sickness, altitude headaches, and all kindred ills - steak and eggs and vin rouge. It was a wonderful ending to what (on looking back!) was a strenuous but beautiful climb.

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During the winter following the Everest expedition of 1922, George Mallory visited the United States on a lecture tour. One evening, after a talk in Philadelphia, a member of the audience approached him, and asked the inevitable question, "WHY do you want to climb Mount Everest?". Mallory considered a moment and gave his answer, "Because it is there", he said.

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THE NOT SO FAR AWAY PLACES.

.....by Calum Finlayson.

I am often impressed with the extraordinarily wide knowledge the younger members of the Club have of mountains--- not only of the hills of home, but the Continental peaks as well. I am rather intrigued when I listen to them airing their topographical knowledge of Europe, and hear their commonplace talk of the Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, Zermatt, Interlaken and the Pyrenees. There is no doubt that the perigrinations of the Lomonds cover an extensive area, and it is much to their credit and enterprise that their wide travelling has broadened the mind and widened the vision, and I for one, am the first to recognise this excellent quality in the ranks of my Club-mates.

However, the theme of this short article is parochial or provincial in its context. I do not wish to appear to be critical of my young club-mates, but they have, I observe, neglected their own country and I feel rather disappointed by their lack of intimate knowledge of Scotia,

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land".....

I find that while most know the climbing centres quite well, their knowledge of even the hinterland north of Glasgow is, to say the least, scanty. Perhaps time has changed the route to the mountains, but I cannot remember hearing any of the younger members reminisce about how they started first on the Campsies or the Whangie, or of their first ascent of Jenny's Lum or the climbs at Ross Point and Slack Dhu. I have still to hear them relate how they walked the pipe track from Drymen to Duchray and climbed the Ben from Comer, or do Ben Venue and Ben Lomond in one day. Yet perhaps it was the prevailing economic conditions that led me and my contemporaries to start our pilgrimage to the mountains at the Hillfoot car terminus. The extent of our wanderings was not only limited by time but by the state of our finances.

But I say, without boasting, that our knowledge of the country, the "dosses", the camp spots, from the forestry hut on the West side of Loch Goil to the doss at Dubh Chorein at the foot of Ben Vorlich above Callander, was intimate and full. It seems to me now that a much greater use was made then of "dosses", be they howfs, caves or overhangs. At present, too many rely on buses to take them to a particular centre, with the result that the intervening country is never known. While our journeys started at Hillfoot or Milngavie, I have on occasion walked with Jock Nimlin across the bracken path from Milngavie, and the same evening have seen him tapping a lift across the loch at Rowardennan.

This approach to the mountains was more or less an apprenticeship which I feel has been missed by younger members. I do not write this in a derogatory way, as I admire the spirit of adventure with which the Club has been endowed, but I feel that "off" weekends could be spent discovering the "not so far away" places, an experience which would be to the pleasure and advantage of many.

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TAE MAK A STEER

..... by K. McLaren.

I had been thinking about it in a vague sort of way for some time, but when the new S.M.C. Guide appeared, there they were in dreich array, amidst the scintillating Gaelic names of the mountains - an unimaginative catalogue of names of climbs - Central Buttress, Central Chimney, West Chimney, No. 1 Gully, No. 2 Gully and, wait for it, E4F5 route. All climbs, mark you, not in the English Lake District, but mainly by Scots on their own home ground.

Owing to the regrettably small percentage of Gaelic speakers in the country, we cannot expect them all to be given Gaelic names, but we can surely still call a Gleann a glen and not describe Coire an Gabhail as the Lost Valley.

What is termed a Renaissance in things Scottish is with us. A Frenchman gave it the title but, anyway, this movement, literary and political, started back in the twenties and has been growing, slowly but surely, since then. There's the Scottish group of poets with MacDiarmid as the high heid yin, the painters and novelists, the Thrie Estates and, of course, the Covenant. All right then - no politics in a climbing journal, but it all boils down (or up?) to Scots being aware of themselves again as a nation. In other words, we are beginning to realise we can do things for ourselves and do them better too, in most cases.

And just what, you may say, has all this taradiddle to do with new climbs? Just this. Let us do away with fushionless anglicised words and have something in the auld tongue, call it Scots, Lallans or the Doric, but there's a descriptive tang about the words which is hard to beat. Compare, for instance, "Devil's Wall" with "Deil's Dyke", "Raven's Gully" with "Corbie's Heuch". Mind you, we have been taught to ape English manners for so long that it isn't (or rather, wasn't) considered quite refined to talk this way. But 'Kelvinside' is laughed at instead of imitated nowadays. Well, you say (if you've read this far), these are all very nice noble sentiments, but I don't know Scots. No? Cast your memory back a bit and you'll find plenty of words ..... and here's a wee tate to start you off....

birch.....birk	ghost.....bogle	smooth.....brent
raven.....corbie	corner.....neuk	chimney....lum
gully.....heuch	shelter....bield	steep.....stey
fresh.....caller	nose.....neb	waterfall..linn
leap.....loup	dark.....mirk	wild.....haliket
mist.....haar	drainpipe..syver	greasy.....creeshie
high.....heich	low.....laigh	small.....peerie
big.....muckle	secret.....hidlins	wall.....dyke
fool.....gowk	ladder.....lether	strange....fremit

You know most of them, don't you? All you've got to do now is find a new climb.....

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EDITORS' NOTE: Members will, of course, remember that we always welcome articles on new climbs for inclusion in the Journal!!

SNOW AND ROSES.

.....By JAMES ALLISON.

"The Rocky Mountains"---- That name had become something spoken of with wistfulness and longing, intensified by our poor financial circumstances. They were so far away, they could have been on the moon, or so it seemed, had Joe's arrival in Edmonton from Florida not brought unexpected surprises.

From the beginning, his sympathy with our feelings was complete, with the result thta, twenty days later, we were roaring out to Jasper National Park in his little Austin.

It was Friday night and, as Christmas fell on Sunday, the climax of our trip was Christmas dinner with Joe's friends at Miette Hot Springs.

We entered the Park gates just after midnight, only five miles from the home of one Nick Minkinsky, a Park warden and friend of Joe's. As the car sped along these five miles, we kept peering out of the windows, getting glimpses of ghostly mountains, as yet unreal.

When Joe stopped the car in front of a little log cabin, we were concious of a new sound, a sound which at first seemed unfamiliar to our ears. As we stepped out of the car, we realised it was the wind, the eternal soughing of the wind through the tall pines, a sound as old as the hills themselves.

As Joe had foretold, both Nick and his wife Olga were still up, and made us welcome immediately. Nick seemed to us more of a typical Canadian than any we had met as yet. Tall, husky, thirtyish, with a cheery disposition, he bustled about serving beer and sandwiches, all the time giving Joe a running commentary on road conditions up to the Hot Springs. Arrangements were made in the event of the car getting stuck in the snow which was lying deep in the hills.

With this exciting thought, we bundled into the car and moved off once more. For about a mile we drove back the way we had come, then turned right past a signpost that read "Hot Springs--11 miles" into a narrow road covered in virgin snow. As the road climbs for the most part, the difficulty lay further ahead. Up to the first milepost the trees on either side grew denser, finally forming a long black tunnel, the sides of which were thrown into relief by the headlights on the sparkling white surface ahead. Even the tracks of animals, big and small, were clearly written on the fresh snow.

On three separate occasions, I had to get out and push while Joe skilfully coaxed the car to grip the surface, which was simply snow on top of ice. A short steep descent round a hairpin bend was negotiated/

negotiated, and we came finally to a little cluster of cabins. A light was shining in a window and as two voices called to us from the darkness, we knew we had arrived.

Once inside the cabin, introductions were quickly made, the first being to Pete Thomas, a tall, fair-haired, bearded and very English fellow. He was caretaker for the Hot Springs, half-a-mile further on, at the end of the road. He introduced us in turn to a young American couple, John and Carol Euller from Buffalo, who were staying in one of the cabins for the winter. Apart from them, and Pete and his family, there was not another soul till Nick, 11 miles away.

Sensing we were tired, our host led us to an adjoining cabin, completely equipped with all the necessities, and we were soon in our sleeping bags and sound asleep.

We awoke to a different world. The scene was quite breath-taking--- all around were snow-covered mountains with pine trees runninf almost to the crests of the ridges. The blinding whiteness of everything made us screw up our eyes in an effort to see. Every tree was laden with snow, and in the sunlight, the air itself was a golden curtain of hoar-frost. It made us feel dizzy at first--- we felt we would like to plunge into this fairy winterland of snow till we filled ourselves completely. But Joe, being more practical, was already busy lighting the fire and getting breakfast along.

Today was Christmas Eve, and Joe was going along to help Pete with preparations, so Nancy and I strapped on skis and decided to explore a little trail through the woods. All went well for a time till the snow began to get deeper, and lifting each ski out of such deep snow was very tiring.

Finally we were forced to take off the boards and continue on foot, floundering up to the waist in some places where dead trees under the snow had caused it to drift. As the trees thinned out, we realised that the trail had, too, leaving the snow-covered slopes of two ridges forming a saddle in front of us, but still some seven hundred odd feet upwards.

As time was running short, we retraced our steps, ducking under occasional branches on the way, to where sloping ground provided us with a mild schuss.

Back once more in the cabin, we hurriedly began to make ourselves ready for the party, and walked up in the gathering dusk. Miette Hot Springs is built into the side of a hill,200 feet lower down than the point from which the hot sulphur waters gurgle out of the bowels of the earth into a pool from which they are piped down into the swimming pool. The most noticeable feature is the smell, very like thousands of rotten eggs at first, but later hardly noticeable.

As/

Snow and Roses (contd).

As we walked along the terrace, it was the pool that caught our eye. Wreathed in steam, its water a translucent green, it looked very inviting. We half promised ourselves a swim at midnight. As it turned out we did swim next morning before leaving, and enjoyed the unusual sensation of plunging into the deliciously warm water while the air itself was 12° below zero. In other words, it was fine while you were in the water, but the agony of coming out to dry and change!!!

Inside the house the decorations were very festive, and there were toys and a lighted Christmas tree. After being introduced to Peter's wife Hetty, a Dutch woman with a pleasant accent, we had a choice of wine, and dinner got under way immediately. The menu was as follows and yours truly accounted for every course, naturally! Mushroom soup, turkey, stuffing, roast and boiled potatoes, brussels sprouts, Dutch sausages, jellied vegetable salad, plum pudding, brandy sauce, mincemeat pie, pumpkin pie, followed by coffee, Christmas cookies, tangerines, Dutch sweets, nuts etc.,

On retiring, or should I say expiring? I found myself a spot on the floor where I remained for the better part of two hours, drinking a little beer and struggling unsuccessfully with Peter's very energetic dog.

Around one o'clock in the morning, we took our leave, and five of us including John and Carol walked back in brilliant moonlight. As we crunched over the diamond-covered snow, every tree seemed to sparkle and shine with a million fairy lights. Magic is not quite the word to describe what for us was a perfect sequel to a very different Christmas Eve. Very reluctantly, we left for home next day, happy in the thought that we would and did return four days later for an equally grand New Year with Nick and his family.

JAMES ALLISON.

.....

MIDNIGHT ON HEIM CRAG

Go up among the mountains, when the storm
Of midnight howls, but go in that wild mood,
When the soul loves tumultuous solitude,
And through the haunted air, each giant form
Of swinging pine, black rock, or ghostly cloud,
That veils some fearful cataract tumbling loud,
Seems to thy breathless heart with life imbued.
'Mid those gaunt, shapeless things thou art alone!
The mind exists, thinks, trembles through the ear,
The memory of the human world is gone,
And time and space seem living only here.
Oh! worship thou the visions then made known,
While sable glooms round Nature's temple roll,
And her dread anthem peals into thy soul.

'Christopher North' (John Wilson).
c. 1810.

EXPLORING.

.....by Joe Hutton.

The word "exploration" has a fascination for nearly everyone. Even if I had not been so badly in need of employment one day in Calgary, I would have accepted the offer of a job with Tidelands Exploration Company from Texas, who were engaged in geophysical exploration in various parts of Canada. To you and me, this only means that they were looking for oil!

Various methods are adopted in this type of exploration, mostly too technical to go into here. I worked on what is known as a gravity crew, and readings were taken on previously surveyed points or stations with a delicate meter which measured the pull of gravity. These readings were computed and the results noted on large-scale maps of the area. When completed, these maps show, very roughly, the contours of the sub-surface of the ground at certain depths and enable geologists and geophysicists to determine, from their experience in such matters, whether or not there is an oil-bearing formation present and, if there is, just where to sink the oil-well, usually drilled soon after. When a well is drilled and does not strike oil, it is known as a "dry hole" and is plugged, as is also one whose oil potentiality from the known oil zones is not enough to make it a commercial proposition.

An exploration crew moves about a great deal from one place to another and I worked on a number of contracts, first as a surveyor's rodman and then as a spare surveyor. I should like to describe one particular job last winter, which took us to unmapped territory in the northern part of Alberta and which I think should be of interest to Club members.

When we drove into the town of Peace River, 350 miles north of Edmonton, it was 58° below zero. It stayed that way for six weeks!

The next day and part of the following one were spent in preparing and loading the vehicles for the trip into camp which was to be located about 100 miles north-east of the town on the shores of Haig Lake. Great difficulty was experienced in starting the vehicles in such cold, and the batteries would not turn over the motors, so thick did oil become. Sometimes we had to tow them for miles before they would start, and later we placed stove pipes underneath, with a flame-thrower burning inside, in order to thaw out both motor and transmission.

It was quite a convoy that eventually left town. In addition to our four jeeps and two trucks, there were two snowmobiles--- half-tracked vehicles guided by skis. After following a highway for several miles we struck off through a farm to find ourselves on a trail bull-dozed through the bush. This was the combined effort of several different oil companies who were in the area, although their camps were hundreds of miles apart, and it led to a Cree Indian village called Marten River.

Progress/

Exploring (contd.)

Progree was slow on the rough surface of the track and before we had travelled far, darkness came. It was a delightful experience travelling through the spruce trees with our headlights playing on the glittering snow-laden boughs which seemed to toss their grotesque leaping shapes towards us as we passed.

At one point we left the trail entirely and took a short cut along a river's frozen surface with a covering of 18 inches of powder snow. As we sped between the banks, each vehicle threw spumes of snow in its wake which were reflected in the headlights of the next vehicle, revealing the hidden beauty of each flake and a fantasy of brilliant spectrum colours.

At the village we made for the trading post, where we found, to our dismay, that the bulldozers had not completed the trail to camp. This left us with about 45 miles of narrow sledge trail, used only by Indians, instead of the serviceable, if rough, bulldozed road we had expected. It was decided that the snowmobiles should go on, as they had already made the trip with supplies once before, and that the rest of the vehicles wait till the morrow.

Next day, our Indian guide Muskwa (the Cree name for "Bear") and "Mac" arrived from camp with more bad news. There was a camp in name only, as the cold weather had delayed its construction, and the only buildings completed were the cook-house and a cabin. However, there was, providentially, an old trapper's cabin on the site and this could be used as temporary sleeping quarters.

Once again the convoy moved on. The winding trail, with its many short steep sections deep in snow, taxed us to the utmost. Night came again, and with it an experience that many, not used to the Canadian north, might have described as a nightmare. Jeeps became bogged down frequently and had to be pulled clear by the snowmobiles. I seemed to be out most of the time helping to push or pull or operate the powerful winch carried on the front of each jeep. Our struggles seemed so futile out there in the numbing chill of the cold light filtering down through the trees from the glittering stars. Thoughts of "the great alone" and of "silences you could almost hear" kept creeping into my mind. It was that kind of night. Nothing could be heard but the sound of a tree splitting in the frost or the crunch of the dry snow underfoot.

One by one, the jeeps lost interest in the unequal struggle with the forces of nature. As each vehicle was abandoned, its occupants transferred to the snowmobile with their bed-rolls and, as the passenger list mounted, everything else was cached on the trail except perishable food.

When we finally came from the shelter of the forest and saw the lights of the camp gleaming far across the white expanse of Haig Lake, there were no fewer than twelve of us on board, and all but three were lying horizontally on top of the sleeping bags against the roof, like sardines in a can. On the flat, smooth surface/

surface of the lake, the snowmobile found its element, and within a short time we were in the camp.

For the next ten days or so, we were far from idle. Logs had to be cut for the cabins and hoisted into place, and, when the walls were erected, they had to be chimked with moss gathered from the muskeg or bog. Firewood was a necessity and was cut in large quantities. Later, a jeep was fitted with a circular saw for this purpose.

During this time I suffered from cold feet, but it was not until I froze one toe that I took to wearing the same type of foot-gear as the Indians, and had no trouble after that. This was woollen stockings and moose-hide moccasins which could be worn with rubber overshoes as a precaution against dampness. These latter were really unnecessary in such cold, as there is neither dampness in the snow or in the air.

We were a motley crew by any standards. Many of the lads were from the deep south--- Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi. So many, in fact, that the camp was promptly named "Texas City" and a sign put up to that effect. Tom from Mississippi and I scarcely understood a word each other said for nearly two weeks. Bill Millar, the cook, an important dignitary on such an undertaking as this, had been christened Wilhelm Mueller, and he had a compatriot in Erik. There was Alvin from Denmark, "Pop" Samuelsen from Norway, and "Swede" Johnsen from--- well, take three guesses! The only true-blue Canadian appeared to be Muskwa, our guide.

There were some rolling, wooded hills around, but for the most part the country was low-lying, full of little lakes and lots of muskeg. It is almost impossible to travel in this type of country during the summer months, as the muskeg, partly frozen in wimter, becomes a swamp and a breeding ground for mosquitoes.

The Cree Indians make their living by hunting and trapping, and during our stay, were after squirrel and muskrat. They seem to have very little use for money and work only for as long as it takes to earn enough to buy something they need but cannot make or trade for, such as a rifle or ammunition. They have cabins scattered through the bush, usually near some winter trail used by their horse-drawn sleighs.

Until the bulldozers eventually got into camp and began to cut trails that jeeps could use, we limited our survey to these Indian trails and around the lake. A snowmobile used to take us from camp just as the sun was rising in the morning and picked us up again just before sundown. During the day we carried our instruments along the trail and, with an axe, blazed a tree at every station, as wool as nailing a numbered tag and coloured ribbon to it.

During the day, and provided there was no wind, I did not feel/

Exploring (contd).

feel the cold too badly, but care had to be taken not to touch metal parts with the bare fingers as it was almost impossible to get them warmed again. Several boys had their noses frost-bitten but the early stages were immediatley noticed by their companions and the usual steps taken to restore circulation.

Working round the lake was easy owing to its flat surface, but occasional terrifying reports and loud rumblings in its interior caused apprehension, even with the knowledge that the ice was at least 2½ feet thick. During these working days we occasionally saw some wild life such as coyote, fox and partridge, but on the whole, game was very scarce. When the weather became milder, I saw moose frequently.

After each day's work and the evening meal, some gathered in the bunk-house to begin the eternal poker game while others read or listened to the camp radio. Some nights were very beautiful and I often forgot the intense cold watching the moon rise over the island to give a mysterious air to the surrounding hills and bathe the surface of the lake in a brilliant glow. Sometimes there were wonderful displays of the aurora borealis, when darting shafts of milky light swept the heavens. On other occasions snow fell in the largest flakes I have ever seen, dry and silent, muffling even nearby sounds and creating a curious unreal and detached feeling. In the morning the younger trees would be bowed over by their burden, waiting for the sighing wind that would free them and bring the forest to life again, rustling and restless. Some of the very smallest, alas! succumbed to the weight of the snow on them, and lay broken on the ground. I always made it a point, whenever possible, to shake much of the snow from those trees too weak to resist its load.

When each of us had worked for three weeks, we were allowed one week off to spend as we chose. Most, naturally, wished to get to the "fleshpots" as quickly as possible, and went to Peace River, travelling preferably on a snowmobile going out for stores. Accommodation was very limited in town, owing to the number of Exploration and drilling crews working from it. On more than one occasion I have had to sleep in the snowmobile, parked on the main street, being unable to obtain a bed anywhere. Garage space and mechanics were at a premium, and if you needed work done on a vehicle, you were usually handed the tools and asked to do the job yourself.

My week was spent in getting a haircut, my laundry done, buying a few things, trying to get a bath, and having a few drinks. This was all remarkably difficult to attend to in such a boom town, except perhaps the last item. Many of the boys had time for nothing else but drinking, and the fun went on day and night in the only two hotels in town. When it was time to pull out at the end of my week, I invariably had to collect the driver of the snowmobile from the beer parlour, get him aboard and drive the thing/

thing out to camp myself. This was tiring, as snowmobiles are steered by skis, which is a difficult process if the snow is not deep.

One day, Arthur, Pop and I found ourselves about 50 miles from camp, surrounded by miles of muskeg. With us were a 500 gallon tank of petrol, a jeep, a snowmobile, a stock of food, and a tiny shack on skis which was to be our home for the following weeks. We had to cook our own meals and cut our own firewood, as well as survey the area, working back towards the main camp eventually. It was the most enjoyable time I had had since going into the bush but the others did not appreciate the situation as I did.

Eventually the winter began to relinquish its hold and gave way to spring. The heavy bulldozing equipment had to be moved out before the actual thaw came, otherwise stay trapped by nature in the bush until next freeze-up. This meant that no new roads could be cut, and that from then on the survey would have to be made on foor where muskeg conditions allowed. The camp would have been cut off entirely during the thaw and would have had to be supplied by air during that time. It was thought that the difficulties of spring and summer work in the area would prove too costly to overcome, and it was decided to move the crew and all equipment before it became impossible.

I was very disappointed that I could not witness the actual break-up of the ice on the lake--- a spectacle I had been looking forward to--- but I took away some memorable impressions of my first genuine exploration venture in relatively unknown territory, even if it was not of the classic kind.

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A CONTRAST.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends:
Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home:
Where a blue sky and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;

But in man's dwellings, he became a thing
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
To whom the boundless air alone were home.

Lord Byron.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,
Canto iii.

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BODIES ON THE RUN

..... by J. Moohan.

How would it do to finish your run down with a brilliantly executed "Christie" in perfect Arlberg or Allais style (depending on your taste), walk across, grip the tow-rope and find yourself whisked up the run again, to better, or at least equal, the previous descent? Style is a matter of personal application and aptitude, but the provision of the tow does not depend on one alone. It would have to be the combined brains and cash effort of an interested group. Certainly a ski tow would give each skier about eight times more downhill running than the present flash-down-and-trudge-back-up system, so that technique and time are inevitably bound up with each other.

Unfortunately, I haven't the knowledge to quote facts and figures of ski-tow "know-how", but a few personal and overheard remarks may not be amiss. A ski-tow is generally a motor-driven reduction gear with an endless rope carried over pulleys, but I am hazy on actual details. I know that the reduction gear gives a large mechanical advantage. In other words, a small force driving the gear will give a big pulling force. Therefore, a low horse power motor could pull a few skiers at a time. Of course, the larger the motor power, the greater the number of skiers that could be carried. A petrol-paraffin motor would seem to be the best from the point of view of cheap fuel. Overshadowing all other expenses is the cost of rope, but this should not be an insuperable problem. Suitable second-hand rope is fairly plentiful. New rope is, of course, to be preferred, but no fatal accidents would follow a broken tow-rope. This assurance does not cover spectators who may expire at the sight of half-a-dozen skiers all landing on their backs at the same time.

The tow unit could be mounted on a sledge hauling itself up each week by means of an anchor at the top of the run, or taken up once at the start of the season and permanently sited. I do not know the answer to the questions of who will start the motor for each day's ski-ing, drain the radiator and generally attend to all the chores of the tow. Definite plans could be made later; at this stage the object is to promote interest in the scheme. The Lomonds abound in technical brain power, and rare feats of mental gymnastics are not infrequently recorded! No doubt many ingenious schemes would soon be forthcoming once they take the matter in hand!

To my mind, the only real bar to the implementation of the scheme is the lack of money and co-ordinated action, especially the latter. Nearly every weekend in the season there are between two and three bus-loads of skiers in Glencoe. Is it too much to hope that one day these sixty to one hundred people will get together and agree to the betterment of the ski-ing facilities? A committee could be formed to organise and direct the tow, receive and act upon suggestions, arrange with the landowner for permission to instal the equipment, and handle the finance, etc. The money required to operate the scheme could be raised in a number of ways - by the old-fashioned capitalistic trick of selling shares, by life-membership of the tow, or as a straight-forward loan repaid out of the revenue from the tow, when /

Bodies on the Run (cont.)

when it is in operation. There are many ways and the details could be left to popular decision.

The essential thing is that something should be done, and I feel that the Lomonds, as one of the oldest and most prominent Scottish Clubs, must take the initiative.

Anyway, it is a pleasant thought - the effortless ascent, case off, then -

"Who is this coming down? Oh, look at that - a perfect Ruade! What a Christie! Note that superb style! Have you ever seen such a..... ..... Dammit! Hey, will somebody get that body off the run!".

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EDITORS' NOTE : Although not a member of the Club, Mr. Moohan is well known to most of us, and this challenge to our ingenuity should not go unanswered. WHAT ABOUT IT, LOMONDS?

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The Satisfaction of Victory.

.....A breeze cool and bracing seemed to gather force as they plodded up the long slopes, more gentle now as they approached the final goal. He felt the wind about him with its old strange music. His thoughts became less conscious, less continuous. Rather than thinking or feeling he was simply listening--- listening for distant voices scarcely articulate.... The solemn cone resting on those marvellous buttresses, fine and firm above all its chasms of ice, its towers and crags: a place where desires point and aspirations end: very, very high and lovely, long-suffering and wise.....Experience, slowly and wonderfully filtered: at the last a purged remainder.....And what is that? What more than the infinite knowledge that it is all worth while--- all one strives for?....How to get the best of it all? One must conquer, achieve, get to the top: one must know the end to be convinced that one can win the end----to know there's no dream that mustn't be dared. Is this the summit, crowning the day? How cool and quiet! We're not exultant: but delighted, joyful: soberly astonished.....Have we vanquished an enemy? None but ourselves. Have we gained success? That word means nothing here. Have we won a kingdom? No... and yes. We have achieved an ultimate satisfaction.....fulfilled a destiny.. To struggle and to understand--- never this last without the other: such is the law.....We've only been obeying an old law, them? Ah, but it's the law.....and we understand--- a little more. So ancient wise and terrible, and yet kind, we see them: with steps for children's feet.

George Leigh-Mallory.
Alpine Journal. Vol. 32. c. 1917.

CLUB NOTES

THE BUS

The week-end bus has been an institution in our club for many years. In fact we can truthfully say that our club has led and others have followed. During 1951 the attendance figures on buses showed many ups and downs but to generalise, the SKI-ING season was well supported, the EARLY SUMMER season fairly well, the LATE SUMMER AND AUTUMN rather indifferently but with the turn of the year and arrival of snow attendances again increased during the FIRST FOUR MONTHS of 1952.

Picking out a few notable occasions, there was first the big snowfall of 1951 culminating on the 17th Feb 1951 in the blocking of the road across the Rannoch Moor so that our bus only reached Achaladair that week-end. Then Easter 1951 was spent by the club at Glen More. Perfect snow conditions with a ski run from the top of Cairngorm to Clach Bharraig bothy satisfied a full bus load. Camping at the official campsite was rendered very comfortable by using the 'refectory' provided. In May 1951 in very wet weather some of our members rescued an injured climber from the Archer's Rib on Aonach Dubh. The stretcher was lowered down Rowantree Wall, an operation which constituted one of the slickest rescues ever carried out in Glencoe according to a local observer.

The run to Glen Lyon on 13th Oct was made the first official 'club-meet' of recent years. Attendance was good, and the weather remained dry though windy on the ridges. A fortnight later on Fri 26th Oct 1951, a very successful run was made to Inverey, from whence various Cairngorms were ascended in rather misty weather. The early months of 1952 were far less snowy than 1951, and snow conditions never seemed to be superb, but in spite of this the ski-ers found plenty to do especially on Meall a Bhuiridh. By the 21st Mar. 1952 the snow had receded considerably but Ben Nevis that week-end provided ample icy sport on Tower Ridge and in the gullies. Three weeks later at Easter 1952 the bus again visited Fort William when excellent weather prevailed.

During Summer 1952 our bus has been irregular as members have been abroad and other reasons. Lately it has been running monthly but the members of the transport committee are sure that the club can do better than that and hope to see the winter runs-list on a weekly basis as usual.

COMINGS AND GOINGS:-

The club welcomes all members who have been elected since the last issue of this Journal. Most recent of these are Messrs John Wylie, George Stevenson, John Rice, Lawrence Travers, and Robert Cunning (apparently no ladies have been elected for some time). A welcome is also extended to those members returning from the forces such as Archie Scott. Still in the forces are Joe Joyce, John McLennan, and 'Ginger' Brown. The club also has a growing emigrant/

emigrant section, two of whom, viz. Flo' and Harry Grant are at present in Scotland for a too short sojourn. We welcome them on their leave from West Africa and note that they have appeared at the monthly meetings and on the bus. Harry returns soon to shoulder the "White Man's Burden" but Flo' remains with us for some time yet.

In Canada there is a little colony of three Lomond members in Vancouver B.C. viz. Joe Hutton and the Allisons. These had a fine season in the rockies last year and claim to have taken lessons in real ski-ing from an Austrian instructor. This is a pity as Jimmy's windmill technique was quite remarkable John Brabender, also in Canada has hit out for the far north. More recently Ruth and Bob Forrester have reached Canada.

From Australia news of Ronnie Young percolates through from time to time. Working in Melbourne, he has good ski-ing grounds within week-end reach. Kenya acknowledges the presence of two Lomond members, Bob Brown who has plans to climb Mt Killimanjaro and Mt Kenya, and John Wylie of whom no news is yet available.

DANCE:-

The Club's Annual Dance was held on Friday 30th November 1951 at Cranston's, Buchanan St. 132 people attended and a good time was had by all. Sam Drysdale, the organiser, is congratulated on this success.

NEW YEAR:-

No official meet was arranged at New Year 1951-52, but 14 members visited the vicinity of Staoineag. The rough weather precluded much outdoor activity.

POLICY:-

No great changes in the policy of the club were made during 1951-52, but the nine months probationary period which prospective members had formerly to undergo has now been waived. This nine months probationary period was originally introduced some years ago to prevent the entry of undesirable members to the club, but it has been found unworkable and unnecessary.

CLUBROOMS:-

It is agreed that the loss of the clubrooms has led to a lessening of the scope of the club's activities. Efforts of members to secure clubrooms have so far proved fruitless. The clubrooms committee would appreciate any hints or assistance towards finding accommodation.

Club Notes (contd)

LECTURES:-

Lectures were arranged during the season 1951-52. On 18th. Oct. 1951, Robert Hutchison gave a colourful show of slides of the Chamonix district. As usual he was full of interesting topographical details. On 21st. Feb. 1952, Alfred Slack gave a show of slides depicting the flowers to be found on the Scottish mountains. On 20th Mar. 1952, a combined show was given by Bob Houston and Jimmy Stevenson. Bob provided a cine film including some shots of club members, while Jimmy showed still slides of Austria, the clarity of which was remarkable especially when it was learned that they were black and white slides printed from colour film. On 17th April 1952, Jimmy Shanks gave a talk on Switzerland supported by excellent colour slides.

AUSTRIA:-

Our president Johnny Harvey organised parties to Austria in July 1951 and in July 1952. Both were highly successful and accounts of achievments should easily fill the next issue of this Journal.